NUMB. CCXVII.

The SPECTATOR.

—— Tunc fæmina Simplex,
Et pariter toto repetitur clamor ab antro. Juv. Sat. 6.

Thurſday, November 8. 1711.

I Shall entertain my Reader to day with ſome Letters from my Correſpondents. The firſt of them is the Deſcription of a Club, whether real or imaginary I cannot determine; but am apt to fancy, that the Writer of it, whoever ſhe is, has formed a kind of Nocturnal Orgie out of her own Fancy; whether that be ſo, or not, her Letter may introduce to the Amendment of that kind of Perſons who are repreſented in it, and whoſe Characters are frequent enough in the World.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

IN ſome of your firſt Papers you were pleaſed to give the Publick a very diverting Account of ſeveral Clubs and nocturnal Aſſemblies; but as a Member of a Society which has wholly eſcaped your Notice: I mean a Club of She-Romps. We take each a Hackney-Coach, and meet once a Week in a large upper Chamber, which we hire by the Year for that purpoſe; our Landlord and his Family, who are quiet People, conſtantly contriving to be abroad on our Club-night. We are no ſooner come together than we throw off all that Modeſty and Reſervedneſs with which our Sex are obliged to diſguiſe themſelves in publick Places. I am not able to expreſs the Pleaſure we enjoy from ten at Night till four in the Morning, in being as rude as you Men can be, for your Lives. As our Play runs high the Room is immediately filled with broken Fans, torn Petticoats, Lappets of Head-dreſſes, Flounces, Furbelows, Garters, and Working-Aprons. I had forgot to tell you at firſt, that beſides the Coaches we come in our ſelves, there is one which ſtands always empty to carry off our *dead Men*, for ſo we call all thoſe Fragments and Tatters with which the Room is ſtrewed, and which we pack up together in Bundles, and put into the aforeſaid Coach. It is no ſmall Diverſion for us to meet the next Night at ſome Member's Chamber, where every one is to pick out what belonged to her, from this confuſed Bundle of Silks, Stuffs, Laces, and Ribbands. I have hitherto given you an Account of our Diverſion on ordinary Club-Nights; but muſt acquaint you farther, that once a Month we *Demoliſh a Prude*, that is, we get ſome queer formal Creature in among us, and communicate her in an inſtant. Our laſt Month's Prude was ſo armed and fortified in Whale-bone and Buckram that we had much ado to come at her, but you would have died with laughing to have ſeen how the ſober awkard Thing looked, when ſhe was forced out of her Intrenchments. In ſhort, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to give you a true Notion of our Sport, unleſs you would come one Night amongſt us; and tho' it be directly againſt the Rules of our Society to admit a Male Viſitant, we repoſe ſo much Confidence in your Silence and Taciturnity, that 'twas agreed by the whole Club, at our laſt Meeting, to give you Entrance for one Night as a Spectator.

I am

Your Humble Servant,

Kitty Termagant.

P. S. *We ſhall Demoliſh a Prude next Thurſday.*

Tho' I thank *Kitty* for her kind Offer, I do not at preſent find in my ſelf any Inclination to venture my Perſon with her and her romping Companions. I ſhould regard my ſelf as a ſecond *Clodius* intruding on the Myſterious Rites of the *Bona Dea*, and ſhould apprehend being *Demoliſhed* as much as the *Prude*.

The following Letter comes from a Gentleman, whoſe Taſte I find is much too delicate to endure the leaſt Advance towards Romping. I may perhaps hereafter improve upon the Hint he has given me, and make it the Subject of a whole *Spectator*, in the mean time take it as it follows in his own Words.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is my Misfortune to be in Love with a young Creature who is daily committing Faults, which 'though they give me the utmoſt Uneaſineſs, I 'know not how to reprove her for, or even acquaint her with. She is pretty, dreſſes well, is 'rich, and good-humoured; but either wholly neglects, or has no Notion of that which Polite People have agreed to diſtinguiſh by the Name of *Delicacy*. After our Return from a Walk the other 'Day, ſhe threw her ſelf into an Elbow Chair, and profeſſed before a large Company, that *ſhe was all over in a Sweat*. She told me this Afternoon that her *Stomach aked*; and was complaining yeſterday at Dinner of ſomething that *ſtuck in her Teeth*. I treated her with a Baſket of Fruit laſt Summer, which ſhe eat ſo very greedily, as almoſt made me reſolve never to ſee her more. In ſhort, Sir, I begin to tremble whenever I ſee her about to ſpeak or move. As ſhe does not want Senſe, if ſhe

'takes

takes these Hints, I am happy. If not, I am more
'than afraid, that these things which shock me even
'in the Behaviour of a Mistress, will appear insup-
'portable in that of a Wife.

I am,

SIR,

Yours, &c.

My last Letter comes from a Correspondent whom I cannot but very much value, upon the Account which she gives of her self.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am happily arrived at a State of Tranquility which few People envy, I mean that of an old 'Maid; therefore being wholly unconcerned in all 'that Medly of Follies which our Sex is apt to con-'tract from their silly Fondness of yours, I read 'your Railleries on us without Provocation. I can 'say with *Hamlet*,

——Man Delights not me,
Nor Woman neither——

'Therefore, dear Sir, as you never spare your own 'Sex, do not be afraid of reproving what is ridi-'culous in ours, and you will oblige at least one 'Woman, who is

Your humble Servant,

Susanna Frost.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am Wife to a Clergyman, and cannot help thinking that in your Tenth or Tithe-Character 'of Womankind you meant my self, therefore I 'have no Quarrel against you for the other Nine 'Characters.

Your humble Servant,

A. B.

Compleat Setts of this Paper to the End of October may be had of Mr. Graves in St. James's-Street; Mrs. Boad at the Old Vine at Charing-Cross; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-House, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, at the Corner of Beauford-Buildings; Mrs. Treganey, near Essex-Street; Mrs. Boulter next the Rose Tavern at Temple Bar; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate; Mr. Lloyd near the Church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard; Mr. Round in Exchange Alley, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

At the Desire of several Ladies of Quality.

By Her Majesty's Company of Comedians,

AT the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane this present Thursday, being the 8th of November, will be presented a Comedy called The Funeral: Or, Grief A-la-Mode. The Part of Lord Brumpton by Mr. Keene, Lord Hardy by Mr. Cibber, Mr. Camally by Mr. Wilks, Mr. Trusty by Mr. Mills, Mr. Sable by Mr. Johnson, Puzzle by Mr. Estcourt, Trim by Mr. Penkethman, Lady Brumpton by Mrs. Rogers, Lady Harriot by Mrs. Oldfield, Lady Sharlot by Mrs. Porter, Madam d'Epingle by Mrs. Bicknell, Fardingale by Mr. Mills, Kate Match-lock by Mr. Bullock.

AT the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market, on Saturday next, being the 10th Instant, will be presented a Play called Almahide. The Part of Almahide to be performed by Mrs. Barbier.

Just Publish'd, in 12mo.

A very neat Pocket Edition of Mr. Steele's two Comedies, viz. The Funeral, and The Tender Husband. Printed for J. T. and Sold by Owen Lloyd near the Church in the Temple. Where may be had The Lying-Lovers, a Comedy.

Decerpta ex Ovidii Fastis, per Thomam Johnson, usui Schol. Brentfordiensis & quarumvis aliarum, price [illegible]. Mr. Steele's 3 Comedies, viz. Funeral, Lying-Lovers and Tender Husband, price bound 2 s. Dr. Stevens Queen Elisabeth's Sermon preached before the Irish Protestants now residing in London, price 6 d. And on Thursday will be Published, An Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakespear. Written by Mr. Dennis, price 1 s. All Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Cross Keys between the two Temple Gates in Fleetstreet.

Just Publish'd,

A Letter to a Friend in the Country on the late Expedition to Canada, with an Account of former Enterprizes. A Defence of that Design, and the Share the late M——rs had in it, price 3 d. The Nation vindicated from the Aspersions cast on it in a late Pamphlet, Entituled, A Representation of the present State of Religion, with regard to the late excessive Growth of Infidelity, Heresy and Prophaneness, as it past the Lower House of Convocation, price 6 d. The History of Dr. Sacheverell faithfully Translated from the Paris Gazette, with Remarks, price 6 d. A Description of Epsom, with the Humours and Politicks of the Place, price 6 d. All Sold by A. Baldwin near the Oxford Arms in Warwick lane.

This Day is Published,

A Letter to a High-Church Man, in answer to a Pamphlet Intitled, Reasons why this Nation shou'd put a speedy End to this expensive War. Price 6 d. Sold by A. Baldwin in Warwick Lane; where may be had, Angus in behalf of the Allies, or the Consequences of a Treaty with France. Price 6 d. Reflections on the Examiner's Scandalous Peace. Price 3 d. Bouchain, in a Dialogue between the late Medley and Examiner. Price 6 d. The Plan of Bouchain, to be Stitched up with it. Price 6 d.

On Munday the 26th Instant at the Black Boy Coffee-House in Ave-Mary Lane, will begin to be Sold by Auction the Libraries of the Late Mr. Streeter, (Serjeant Painter to K. Charles, James, William, and Q. Anne,) and another Entitled Perfect [illegible] containing a curious Collection of valuable Books in most Languages in Greek, Latin, French, Italian and English, Printed by Aldus, Vascosan, Stephens, Gryphius, Elzever, &c. Sold for John Nicholls Bookseller in St. Martins Lane, by whom Catalogues will be gratis delivered.

A House to be Lett or Sold in Denmark-street by St. Giles's Church, well fitted up, with or without a piece of Ground for Coach-House and Stables. Enquire at Mr. Harris's, a Coachmaker at the End of the said Street, or of Mr. John Evans, Bricklayer at the Iron Rails in Queenstreet by the Seven Dyals.

In Crown-yard in Tiball's-Row at the upper end of Bedford-Row next the Fields, are a couple of very fine bred Yorkshire Geldings to be Sold.

Wines to be sold by Retail.

Excellent Red and White Port, and Red and White Lisbon, being neat Wines as they came from the Gripes of the best Growth in Portugal. To be sold by the Importer in a Vault in Bennet-Court in Philpot-Lane, viz. Red and White Port at 5 l. per Tun, or 14 l. per Hhd. Red and White Lisbon at 5 l. 6 d. per Tun, or 16 l. per Hhd. Attendance will be given every Day.

To be Sold (without Doors) by the Merchant, at his House in Mincing lane, next to Tho. Palmer, Esq; a fresh parcel of new French Wines, viz. Obryan Claret at 3 l. the Butt, or 3 s. 9 d. the Flask, Hermitage and Burgundy at 5 l. the Butt.

A most Incomparable Paste for the Hands, far exceeding any thing ever yet in Print: It makes them delicately white, sleek and plump, fortifies them against the scorching Heat of the Fire or Sun, and Sharpness of the Wind. A Hand cannot be so spoil'd but the Use of it will recover them. Sold only at Mr. Allcraft's, Toy-shop, over against the Royal-Exchange, at 1 s. 6 d. a Pot, with Directions: Where is Sold the excellent German Powder for the Scurvy in the Gums and Teeth, which by only scouring them every Morning, whitens and fastens the Teeth to a Miracle, at 1 s. a Scale.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in, as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.